

Poems  
of the  
Christian  
Year

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Arthur Wentworth Eaton

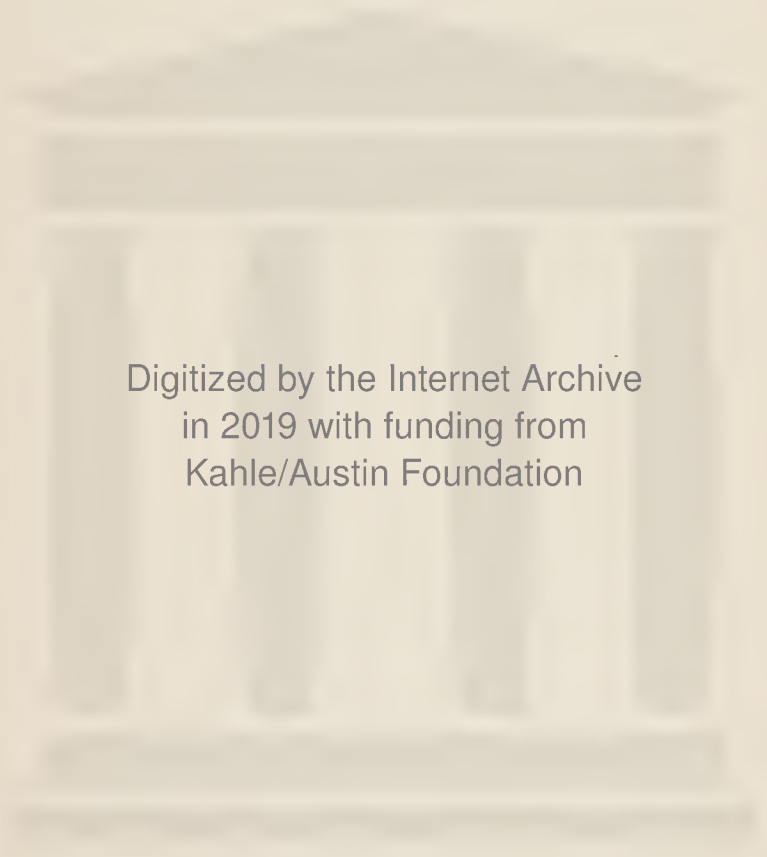
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FAMILY HISTORICAL MONOGRAPHS

POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR





POEMS  
OF THE  
CHRISTIAN YEAR  
BY  
ARTHUR WENTWORTH  
EATON

NEW YORK  
THOMAS WHITTAKER  
M C M V

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## ADVENT



## WHEN SAINTS OF OLD

WHEN saints of old sad vigil kept  
Beside the brooks of Babylon,  
And swathed in sackcloth, silent wept  
Because the light of Heaven was gone,  
Some prophet old, in desert dress,  
Would raise his rugged voice and cry:  
“Why sit ye here in such distress?  
Ye ask deliverance, it is nigh,  
Ye crave a monarch who shall show  
Compassion for the suffering poor,  
That sceptred king ye soon shall know,  
His chariot wheels are at the door.

One starlit night a little child,  
The King so long expected, came,  
To still the sea of passion wild,  
The sins that darken life to shame,

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Deep in the conscience of the race  
To light red judgment fires, whose gleam  
Should penetrate the darkest place  
Of human thought, or deed, or dream.  
His throne was laid in law and love,  
The crown he wore was righteousness,  
Of the symbolic sacred dove  
His signet had the sole impress.

Thus came he once, but every age  
Beholds that sovereign come again,  
The war with wrong afresh to wage,  
The love to seek of sorrowing men,  
And while we sit in vigil sad  
Beside our brooks of Babylon,  
And mourn because the world is mad,  
And Truth's majestic empire done,  
God's prophets, as in ages old  
In Judah and in Galilee,  
Proclaim that lust and love of gold  
Shall not enthroned forever be,

But humbled to their rightful place  
Of thralls and subject powers, shall stand  
Subdued and meek before his face  
Who sits at last in sole command;

## WHEN SAINTS OF OLD

That all the lies men love shall flee  
Like ghosts that dread the approaching sun,  
Whene'er the king in majesty  
Declares the reign of error done;

That redder judgment fires shall glow,  
And yet sweet love increase in power,  
Till Time's mixed trumpets cease to blow  
And earth has reached its final hour.



## CHRISTMAS





## THERE CAME A KING

THERE came a king to Bethlehem town,  
Two thousand years gone by,  
Who had no ermine robe or crown  
To mark His royalty,

Who found no throng to pave His road  
With palms, or carpets gay,  
Nor palace rich for His abode,  
Nor courtiers to obey;

Yet empire vast awaited Him  
On mountain, moor, and main;  
Even Europe's tangled forests dim  
Held subjects for His reign,

And soon confusion ceased to hold  
Uninterrupted power,  
And some of earth's oppressions old  
Began to cringe and cower.

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

There came a King to Bethlehem town,  
Two thousand years gone by,  
And angels from the heavens spoke down  
A royal prophecy,

That while the red sun's central flame  
Should warm the peopled spheres,  
Though every other kingly name  
Lay dead among dead years,

This King should hold His state above  
The weakness of decay,  
Because the eternal power of love  
Should base His throne away.

There came a King to Bethlehem town,  
Two thousand years gone by,  
And still He reigns, and still speaks down  
The angels' prophecy,

And some fair century yet to rise  
His power complete shall grow,  
And all earth's sceptered cruelties  
Before His throne lie low.

## EDER'S WATCH-TOWER

I LOVE the soft incoming tide  
That breaks in showers of silver spray,  
I love the dawn that opens wide  
The floodgates of the living day,

I love the harvest voice that speaks  
From each green blade of growing corn,  
I love the first faint beam that breaks  
Across the heart in sorrow's morn,

But fairer than the silver tide,  
And brighter than the morning's flood  
The light on Bethlehem's meadows wide  
Where Eder's ancient watch-tower stood.

O little town of Bethlehem  
Where Christ, the perfect man, was born,  
What healing balm thou hast for them  
Whose feet are tired and travel-worn,

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

The Angels' song thy shepherds heard  
Makes music still among the years,  
Thou driest with thy magic word  
The piteous fount of human tears;

O fairer than the silver tide  
And brighter than the morning's flood  
The light across thy meadows wide,  
Where Eder's ancient watch-tower stood.

## THE ANGELS' SONG

WHEN ancient faiths the Orient held  
Were crumbling to decay,  
And blind mythologies of eld  
In mournful ruin lay,  
The hungry-hearted world was given  
Truth unrevealed too long,  
And from the glittering gates of heaven  
Swept forth the angels' song.

When o'er the blossoming fields of thought  
An autumn blight has come,  
When every oracle we sought  
In happier days is dumb,  
Sometimes the spaces wide are riven  
With strains delayed too long,  
And from the glittering gates of heaven  
Comes down the angels' song.

When life shrieks discords everywhere  
And passion's dreadful cries

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Make mad disharmony in the air  
And rend the tranquil skies,  
Sweet, silvery flute-notes God has striven  
To make us hear too long  
Steal from the glittering gates of heaven,—  
The blessed angels' song.

O Christly choristers that first  
Sang down to Syrian men  
Let your melodious music burst  
Upon the world again,  
Come to our spirits helpless driven  
On turbulent tides too long,  
Then shall we see the gates of heaven  
And hear the angels' song.

O HAPPY CHRISTMAS DAYS OF OLD

O HAPPY Christmas days of old,  
When chimes rang out across the snow  
That lay its crust on wood and wold,  
On hills above, on fields below.

O happy Christmas days of old,  
When carols clear by children sung  
Awoke the starlit evening cold  
And through the silent hamlet rung.

O happy Christmas days of old,  
When holly from the rafters fell,  
And bells in moss-grown towers tolled  
The midnight hymn men loved so well.

O happy Christmas days of old,  
When every castle far and near  
Its stern portcullis upward rolled  
And welcomed all who came with cheer.

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

O happy Christmas days of old,  
When poorest beggars ate their fill,  
When for the time the meek grew bold,  
And everywhere was right good will.

O happy Christmas days of old,  
When yule clogs burned and flames leaped high,  
And round the hearth good people told  
Tales of the Christ's nativity.

O happy, happy night of old,  
When, ere the world's first Christmas morn,  
Kings of the East brought gifts of gold  
To lay before the newly-born.

O happy Christmas days of old,  
O night that gladdened all below,  
Let your sweet spirit us enfold,  
Till perfect Christmas joys we know!



## I KNOW A VAST CATHEDRAL

**I** KNOW a vast Cathedral,  
With sculptured walls and high,  
And windows dight with every light  
That decks the sunset sky;  
And towers enwrapped with ivy,  
And bells forever glad,  
That peal and peal a future weal  
To man, oppressed and sad.

I know a vast Cathedral,  
Outside, a thing of grace,  
But loveliness none can express  
In its interior space;  
It is the Christ's Religion,  
And he that enters there  
Finds truth long sealed at last revealed—  
Aye, Heaven itself laid bare.

Its central tower is Christmas,  
And thence melodious chimes

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Each year ring out the death of doubt,  
The strifes of ancient times;  
Ring in with exultation  
The truth men fail to see,  
That following right brings truest might,  
That love gives liberty.

Best faith of all the ages,  
Great temple, ivy-grown,  
With windows dight with every light  
That decks the Eternal Throne,  
Down from thy central tower,  
Let Heaven's sweet chimes to-day  
Ring loud and fast, till men at last  
Keep well God's Christmas Day.

## THEY TELL US ONLY RUSTIC SHEPHERDS HEARD

“Such music (as ’tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung.”  
—MILTON.

THEY tell us only rustic shepherds heard  
The song of angel choirs, in Palestine,  
That strange, momentous night of Jesus’ birth,  
The song that welcomed in the great new-born—  
A few rude men, whose brows had never worn  
The poorest honors people prize on earth  
And grasp so greedily and think so fine;  
To them alone was hymned God’s gracious Word.

In every age that song is oftenest heard  
By natural men, who shun ambition’s strife,  
Who would be happy wandering o’er the plain  
With only trees and flowers and birds and sheep;  
Who work for daily bread, and never weep  
Save with real sorrow or for genuine pain.  
To such, in western as in orient life,  
God’s angels love to hymn His gracious Word.

## CHRISTMAS PROPHECY

SILVERY-BEARDED, bent, and gray,  
The Old Year passeth swift away,  
Yet the ringers he keeps in his belfry tower  
Peal no dirge for his waning power.

He is bidding them ring so joyously,  
Can the Year of his end forgetful be?  
“Ah, no,” he says, “I am old and worn  
But the young Christ-life to-day is born;

“I have led the world to its Christmas-tide,  
I have opened the door of Heaven wide,  
And bells of the ages hung on high  
Are chiming out God’s charity.

“O welcome, then, the Bethlehem Boy,  
Sing at his cradle songs of joy,  
Wreathe for his altars holly red,  
For the shames of earth at last are dead.”

## EPIPHANY



## WISE MEN FROM THE ORIENT CAME

WISE men from the Orient came  
To the manger where Christ lay,  
Knelt with gladness, not with shame,  
By the baby's bed of hay.

Ermine robes and quilts of down  
Are the right of infant kings,  
Only one poor mantle brown  
O'er her child sweet Mary flings;

Can so mean a cradle hide  
What these Eastern Magi seek?  
Ah, the heart forgets its pride  
When the intellect is meek;

They have striven in many lands  
To supply their famished souls,  
Crossed, perhaps, Arabia's sands,  
Wandered sadly toward the poles,

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

But success their search has crowned  
Not till, tired and travel-worn,  
They have learned that Truth is found  
Oftenest in a manger born.

So we wander blind and poor,  
Hungry-hearted, sick with sin,  
Till at last some humble door  
Of God's mystery shuts us in;

Stables then like castles are,  
Lowly men like princes born,  
Glad are we when any star  
Heralds any Christmas morn.



SEPTUAGESIMA, SEXAGESIMA,  
QUINQUAGESIMA



## PREPARATION

WHO does not love the tranquil mystery  
Of twilight, when the day is almost spent;  
Who welcomes not the sacred Sundays three  
That usher in the sober fast of Lent!

One calls to temperance and self-control  
And bids us yield whatever clogs or maims,  
That we may win in contests of the soul  
As strong Greek youths won in the Olympian games;

One shows Truth's tender seeds, in soft embrace  
Of fertile soil spring up to leaf and flower;  
Or, unbedewed by love, unsunned by grace,  
Fail in unfriendly earth for want of power.

One points to where, securely throned on high  
Above moralities, howe'er divine,  
Sits god-like Love, pure-minded Charity,  
And makes us gladly worship at her shrine;

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

All pave the way pressed long by Christian feet  
From natural joy to that delightful shade  
Where purple penitential flowers grow sweet,  
And perfume all the air, and never fade.

O calm pre-Lenten days, your lessons deep  
We would be taught; so God should give us mirth  
For mourning, wake our souls from sluggish sleep,  
And help us walk in heaven while yet on earth.

LENT



## THE LENTEN-TIDE

WHAT have we done that we should seek  
This Lenten-tide to be forgiven?  
Our lips have never dared to speak  
Reproach or calumny of Heaven!  
Yet to the Lenten-tide belongs  
Repentance for some secret wrongs.

What need have we for such distress?  
Our hands have never robbed the poor,  
We have not spurned in bitterness,  
The trembling feet that sought our door;  
And yet the Lenten-tide is meant  
For men with spirits penitent.

What have we done? Our memories tell  
Of scorn, impurity, and hate,  
Of pride we have not sought to quell,

POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Of duty's promptings bidden to wait—  
Ah Heaven! that we should have such pride  
To sorrow for at Lenten-tide.

What have we done? Our narrow thought  
Has limited the Love divine,  
And all the flood of truth has sought  
In human channels to confine;  
The Truth of God, so free and wide,  
Condemns us at the Lenten-tide.

The web of life is spun apace,  
And many threads are gay and bright,  
But some to give the pattern grace  
Must bear the impress of the night,  
No weaver's hand may cast aside  
The dark threads of the Lenten-tide.



## LENTEN HOPE

**T**HROUGH all the world's dark Lenten days  
Some Easter songs keep ringing,  
No age so hopeless but its ways  
Are cheered by distant singing,

No time so wintry but it keeps  
Some seeds of bloom and brightness;  
No chaff so worthless but there sleeps  
Some good grain in its lightness,

No spirit in such hopeless gloom  
That through the walls of feeling  
God's sunlight to its darkest room  
Comes not, swift moments, stealing.

These shadowy, purple days of Lent,  
So steeped in present sorrow,  
Have promise full, of soul-content  
On Easter's glorious morrow;

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Have presage that mankind shall wake,  
When earth's day-dream is ended,  
In lands where cloud and stream and lake  
In perfect grace are blended.

They keep a golden silence still,  
'Tis true, that saints or sages  
Shall never penetrate until  
The sunset of the ages,

But through all sombre Lenten-tides  
Such hopeful strains keep ringing,  
Our hearts are sure that somewhere hides  
A world of quenchless singing.

## THE INNER COURT

“TARRY ye here!” the Saviour said  
And to the deeper shade withdrew  
Of that dark spot near Kedron’s bed  
Where high, o’er-arching olives grew.

“Tarry ye here!” nor friend, nor foe  
Must on this dreadful hour intrude,  
My soul must face its bitterest woe  
In silence and in solitude.

“Tarry ye here!” for I alone  
Must enter dark Gethsemane,  
No ear but God’s must list my moan,  
Though ye without may watch with me.”

“Tarry ye here,” each sufferer says,  
“Pain’s common portals open wide,  
But sorrow has mysterious ways  
Where even from you my soul must hide.

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

“Wait till the purple shadows spun  
About my grief’s Gethsemane  
Have thinned a little in the sun  
That never long obscured can be;

“Stay till the spirit, dumb with pain,  
Has spent its inarticulate cry,  
And faith so parched has drunk the rain  
Of God’s compassion from the sky.”

“Tarry ye here,” the Saviour said,  
And into deeper shade withdrew,  
Then to the soul uncomforted  
Heaven’s chiefest white-winged angels flew.

EASTER



## WHITE FESTIVAL OF EASTER

WHITE Festival of Easter,  
Triumphant day of days,  
The light of hope enkindling  
Beside our lifeless ways,

'Tis right that regal lilies  
About thy form should fling  
The richest incense-odours  
Mixed by the magic spring;

For thou hast all the beauty  
Born of unsightly clay,  
In nature's garden lavished  
Since Time began her sway,

And thou hast all the glory,  
In face and voice and mien,  
Of every moral conquest  
Man's struggling life has seen,

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

And thou hast all the promise  
Of golden years to come,  
When earth's imperfect prattle  
And clamorous cry are dumb,

When Truth's uncertain glimmer  
Clear light has come to be,  
And strong, sweet tides of reason  
Have swept humanity.

White Festival of Easter,  
Thou sham'st the earth-born dream  
That darkness is eternal  
And pain and loss supreme,

A better faith thou bearest,  
Belief from heaven that springs,  
That death is only progress,  
And life the goal of things.

Thy tale of resurrection  
Is but the sacred seal  
Affixed to nature's promise  
Of endless future weal,



## WHITE FESTIVAL OF EASTER

And we who oft despairing,  
    Long Lenten days have wept,  
With songs of satisfaction  
    This lofty faith accept,

And bid thy strong, pure sceptre,  
    Triumphant Queen of days,  
White Festival of Easter,  
    Rule all our wandering ways.

## O EASTER QUEEN

O EASTER, queen of all the days  
That wear the Church's crown,  
Upon our troubled human ways  
Thy calm, fair face looks down,

Thou cam'st this morning thro' the fields  
And spoke some magic word,  
And all the plain that harvest yields  
With pulsing life was stirred;

The hyacinth and tulip gay  
About thy pathway pressed,  
But golden-petaled lilies lay  
In triumph on thy breast;

The messenger of death stooped low  
To kiss thy conquering feet,  
Life, trembling, seemed at last to know  
Her victory complete.

## O EASTER QUEEN

Thou camest to the sleeping town  
To where the mourner lay,  
And joy rose from her prison brown  
And rolled the stone away.

Thou hast the healing balm to mend  
The spirit hurt with fear,  
It is thy gift new strength to lend  
To us who languish here.

O Easter, queen of all the days  
That wear the Church's crown,  
Upon our troubled human ways  
Forevermore look down!

## EASTER FLOWERS

**T**HEY speak deep truths, these lilies dumb,  
Whose waxen forms our altars hide,  
Fresh from Bermudian gardens come  
To help us keep our Easter-tide.

They rouse our slumbering minds to think,  
These timid, trembling crocus blooms,  
In blue and lavender and pink,  
From Nature's daintiest colour-looms.

The regal tulips flaunting fair  
In gorgeous robes of red and gold,  
Through parks and gardens everywhere,  
What thoughts their broidered bosoms hold;

We read their minds and glimpses get  
That fill us with mysterious joy,  
Of worlds where perfect words are set  
To melodies that never cloy,

## EASTER FLOWERS

Of marsh-lands welcoming every day  
Ecstatic tides that surge and sweep  
From that divine, unfathomed bay,  
The source of soul-perfection, deep,

Of fields beyond the doors of death,  
O'er-arched by skies of lovelier blue  
And rich with buds of sweeter breath  
Than Indian islands ever knew.

O shadowy lanes through which we pass,  
To mellow noon or purple night,  
With springing step, or slow, alas!  
The days too quickly taking flight,

Let all your measuring mile-stones be  
Swathed in the flowers whose petals hide  
Thoughts deep as God's eternity,  
Truths angels tell at Easter-tide.

## ALL THE SULLEN SORROW OF THE NATIONS

**A**LL the sullen sorrow of the nations,  
All the heavy weight of earth's decay,  
Cannot crush the faith that newly quickens  
In the spirit, every Easter Day.

Never lay the pall of error darklier  
On men's shackled souls than now it lies,  
Through the vault of this late age are echoing  
All the old despairing plaints and cries.

Knowledge twists and spins with subtle fingers  
Threads of gold for our immortal gain,  
In the complex looms of human progress  
We still weave them into webs of pain.

Yet the world persistent keeps believing  
Pain has not an end in painless clay,  
And we hear its hearty creed-confessing  
In the hopeful hymns it sings to-day.

## ALL THE SULLEN SORROW

Death is not, but only resurrection,  
Graves of all dead joys fly open wide,  
Quivering souls burst free from final fetters—  
This man's vision at the Easter-tide.

Cling then, brothers, to the lofty promise  
Of a life superior to decay,  
Uttered by the earth in Spring's awakening,  
Voiced by the glad rites of Easter Day;

Go in peace, God mocks not man's believing  
With mirage or fleeting phantasy,  
Faith like ours is knowledge to our kindred  
In those worlds where fettered minds are free.

## EASTER-TIDE

**H**AIL, Ancient Easter-tide that drew  
The nations to thy shrine,  
Thou who wert born when man first knew  
The thrall of Spring divine;

Thou hast the fragrance of all flowers  
That fill hope's garden wide,  
And clusters that enrich her bowers,  
O blessed Easter-tide.

The mirrors of earth's banquet hall  
Reflect thy glittering rays,  
Thou art the fairest pearl in all  
Her diadem of days.

The pattern of the time is cold,  
The weavers weave in gloom,  
Unseen, thou windest threads of gold  
Into the busy loom.



## EASTER-TIDE

The dark-robed angel as he flies  
The shores of life beside,  
Hearing thy god-like message cries  
“Victorious Easter-tide!”

O Easter, lift thy beacon higher  
Above us as we grope,  
Thy lantern lighted at the fire  
Of the world's larger hope;

In answering love, to all who love  
The Church's hallowed ways,  
Come with thy message from above  
For our despondent days.

## AT LAST WITH SOFT MAGNOLIA BLOOMS

AT last with soft magnolia blooms  
The southern woods are fair,  
And jasmynes add their rich perfumes  
To the delicious air.

At last the less luxuriant north  
Wakes from its torpid spell,  
And tender living things creep forth  
Into the sunshine's swell.

Dark Lenten shades again dissolve  
In glorious Easter light,  
And faith awakes with high resolve  
From penitential night.

All life is born, in these low spheres,  
From other life's decay,  
Some sombre night of tears or fears  
Begets each golden day,

## AT LAST WITH SOFT MAGNOLIA BLOOMS

And though we walk with eyes too blind  
To what such things declare,  
Conviction deep sways every mind  
That in some world more fair,

When death has worked its icy will  
Upon the summer's cheer  
And all the lust of life lies still  
Upon its iron bier,

Soft Springs and Easter-tides shall break  
With light supremely fair,  
And every sleeping thing awake  
In the delicious air.



## ASCENSION



## THE CONQUERING LIFE

THE gentle slopes of Olivet were green,  
And oleanders censured the passers by,  
And fronded palms lent grandeur to the scene  
As the victorious Lord went up on high.

On rugged mountain tops where rocks were strown,  
And o'er rough roads, his feet had often strayed,  
Last, in Gethsemane's deep shades, alone,  
The stricken, sorrowing Christ had knelt and  
prayed;

Now death itself was past, and he, a king,  
Midst angel guards assumed his primal power;  
O sleeping sons of men, awake and sing,  
This is not his but your triumphal hour!

He broke from Joseph's tomb that ye might break  
From all the graves that bar your souls from day,  
He drank anew life's cup that ye might take  
Unstinted draughts of Heaven along the way;

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

He rose to higher worlds that ye might rise  
From earth-born doubts and tombs of low desire,  
'Twas your redemption song that filled the skies  
When he was met by all the angel choir.

O Risen Christ, we never trod with thee  
Judean fields, where scarlet lilies flower,  
Nor with the silent group near Bethany  
Stood wondering, at thy great ascension hour,

Yet in thy conquering life we have a share,  
Thy pity and thy peace to us belong;  
The crowns thou wearest we thy followers wear,  
The sceptred strength thou wieldest makes us  
strong.



WHITSUN-TIDE



## O SPIRIT FROM THE ETERNAL DEEP

O SPIRIT from the Eternal Deep,  
Who camest once with wind and fire  
To wake the world from sensual sleep,  
And rouse the Church to strong desire,

Thy subtle influence sways the race  
To virile thought and virtuous deed,  
Thou hast no narrow resting-place  
In commonwealth, or church, or creed;

Through many a crowd since Pentecost  
Thy influence unperceived has crept,  
On souls the church accounted lost  
Thy clear, ecstatic flame has leapt.

Thou art the rich, luxuriant mould  
Wherein our best deeds germinate,  
Thine was the power of sculptors old  
Their shapeliest statues to create,

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

By thee the vast cathedrals rose,  
And heavenly music came to birth,  
Thy rich perfection overflows  
In all the beauty of the earth.

Thy voice is heard in every sigh  
Of the soft-swaying forest trees,  
Thine is the unjarring melody  
That greets us in the summer breeze,

We hear thy heart-beats in the shade  
And silence of the forest dim,  
Thou art in all the flowers that braid  
With blue and gold the river's brim;

The firmament thy mind reveals,  
The unchanging orbs, the spaces wide,  
The splendid crimson fire that steals  
Into the west at eventide.

'Tis thou that from the eternal deep,  
With noiseless call, with wind and fire,  
When we are sunk in sensual sleep  
Awakenest us to strong desire,

## O SPIRIT OF THE ETERNAL DEEP

And on the hearth where once of old

Love burned, then flickered, then was lost,

Reviv'st amidst the ashes cold

The inspiring flame of Pentecost.



TRINITY





## GOD'S MANIFOLDNESS

O DOCTRINE<sup>7</sup> deep, of the ages, O creed of  
the inmost soul,  
Confessed wherever man craves for light, from  
Tropic sun to pole,  
Thou wert not wrought in the workshop of cold  
scholastic brain,  
Nor brought to birth like lesser creeds in intellec-  
tual pain,  
Thou wert born when the wings of the Spirit  
brooded the soundless sea  
And quickened the atoms primal to wondrous  
potency,  
Thou wert forged when the worlds chaotic, inclosed  
in the fiery sun,  
Were thrown from the central system and order  
was begun,  
Thou wert shaped when God in his power said  
light at last should be;

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Then shed thy light on our darkness, O Truth of  
Trinity.

We peer through the cruel spaces with orphaned  
worlds alive,

We look at the sentient kingdoms, where none  
but the strong survive,

And the faith we are bidden to cherish seems only  
a mocking light,

And we feel like timid children left alone in the  
night,

But thou art a voice to tell us a father's love is  
shown

In every act creative since Chaos was o'erthrown,  
Thou sayest that high in heaven sits not a love-  
less God,

But one who comes with yearning to kiss the  
meanest clod;

Then we pray that our hearts forever held close to  
his heart shall be,

And cling to the creed that saves us, the Truth of  
Trinity.

We are tired of earth's oppressions, we are sick of  
its greed of gold,

## GOD'S MANIFOLDNESS

The wrongs that are waged in the darkness, the  
crimes that the days unfold,

We look for the signs of sonhood in the race divinely  
made,

But the signs grow faint and fainter, and at last we  
feel afraid

That man is an engine only, set like a watch for a  
day,

A deft work done in the light of the sun, a sculptured  
form of clay,—

Till we turn to the First-begotten and find that he  
came to tell

That man, who is God's creation, is God's own  
child as well;

Then we pray that the mind of the Father in his  
sons fulfilled may be,

And rest with hope firm-founded on the Truth of  
Trinity.

The life in the woods in spring-time, when the sap  
runs free and warm,

The might of the oak, or cedar, that breasts the  
winter storm,

The joy that swells and burgeons in the fertile  
breast of the earth

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

As it brings the crocus and tulip and blushing rose  
to birth,  
Are all from the same full fountain where the faith  
of man is fed,  
Where feeble souls are strengthened and sad souls  
comforted,—  
'Tis the life of a Personal Power that moves in  
all that is seen,  
That makes the blind earth blossom, and keeps  
man's courage green;  
O God of the worlds, unmeasured our longing is  
for thee,  
To loftier heights uplift us through thine own  
Trinity!

## MY PUREST LONGINGS SPRING

**M**Y purest longings spring  
From the divine,  
The sweetest songs I sing  
They are not mine,

I chisel the rude stone  
With feverish hand,  
The statue comes alone  
At God's command.

Beyond earth's tainted air  
I sometimes fly  
On wings of faith and prayer;  
Yet 'tis not I.

Not I but He enlightens  
My flickering creeds,

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Not I but He unites  
My shattered deeds;

Not I but God, for He,  
My larger life,  
Fulfils Himself in me  
With ceaseless strife.

## O LOVE DIVINE

O LOVE Divine, that circlest all  
Our little seas of strife,  
So might I feel thy tender thrall  
Upon my wayward life,

The restless tides of ocean creep  
Into the sheltered bays,  
Thy tides through all my being sweep  
And fill its water-ways.

O Love Divine, pure sea of light  
About a sea of sin,  
Thy blessed radiance to-night  
Folds all my darkness in,

And soothes to peace the unquiet shore  
Where angry waves have lain,  
And spreads a silver mantle o'er  
The unsightly rocks of pain,

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

And stills the moaning of the storm  
I thought could not be stayed,  
And shames the doubt whose shadowy form  
Kept mocking as I prayed.

O Love Divine, that circlest all  
Our little seas of strife,  
Forever in thy rapturous thrall  
Enfold my wayward life!



## SINAI AND THE PLAIN

WHEN Moses left the sacred mount,  
    Enraptured with the voice of God,  
His peace was like a living fount  
    That bursts from the incrusting sod,

The dazzling radiance round his brow  
    Bore witness to the Spirit's fire,  
Nor did his ecstasy allow  
    Of worldly thought or weak desire.

He saw the tents of Israel  
    Thick on the plain at Sinai's base,  
Like white-winged, nestling doves, that dwell  
    In shelter of some holy place,

And as the winding path he trod,  
    From barren crag to verdant slope,  
He felt himself the priest of God,  
    The inspired minister of hope.

## POEMS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Here Heaven tunes, it is her way,  
The heart to holiest harmonies  
And then lets earth's rude fingers play  
Discordant strains upon the keys,—

A glittering idol god, upreared  
Against Jehovah's sovereign law,  
A god by sensual Pharaohs feared,  
With angry eyes the prophet saw;

He dashed the hallowed stones away  
God's hand had graven on Sinai's height,  
And while their fragments round him lay  
He passed into the gloom of night.

O Spirit, calm, of truth and power,  
Give us thy courage on our way,  
In every weak, despondent hour  
Visit our trembling faith and say:

“Not thus forever shall the soul  
From radiant peaks of faith be hurled,  
Truth's steady tide shall sometime roll  
Into the worship of the world,

## SINAI AND THE PLAIN

“And men shall scorn idolatries,  
And reverent wait at Sinai’s base  
Till he appears whose favoured eyes  
Have seen Jehovah face to face.”

## RESIGNATION

**I** ASK no more that I may know  
The way God has for me,  
I only care that He shall show  
My duty momentarily,

At first I sought with restless mind  
To know the entire way,  
But now I am content to find  
My path from day to day.

I am not idle, for it seems  
That much on me depends,  
But failing all my fondest dreams  
I take what Heaven sends;

Not always gladly, but resigned,  
I wait the Father's will,  
Believing that though I am blind  
He walks beside me still.

## IMMORTALITY

**T**HERE are strange moments when the human  
dies

In us, and the divine our spirits bear  
Rises supreme, and awful silence lies  
Upon our seas, and lightest thought is prayer.

We question immortality on lower planes  
And grope for arguments to end the strife;  
We *are* immortal when the spirit reigns  
And then are conscious of undying life.

Of immortality, till thou canst call  
Thy soul, in reverence, such names as God  
Is wont to bear, speak not; till thou canst fall  
Before thyself, then rising from the sod  
Of thine own humanness, in worlds above  
Declare with him, "I am!" and "I am love!"

## HE UNDERSTANDS

WHEN we have come with all our faults and  
fears

Into the presence chamber of the King  
I do not think we shall recount the years  
That now seem scarred so deep with suffering;

I do not think that He will give us time  
To scourge our souls because we were so vile,  
But only look at us and make us climb  
Into high heaven upon his loving smile.

When all life's passion clouds have burned away  
And we have looked at last upon the Sun  
I think we shall not bow our heads and stay  
Mourning the victories we might have won,

But be caught up so quick above our fears  
That we shall lose the words we meant to say  
About our fierce temptations, and the tears  
Of weak regret we shed along our way,

## HE UNDERSTANDS

And rest like little children at the side  
Of Him who leads us up to those high lands,  
Lost in his life, forever satisfied,  
Since He misjudges not, but understands.

## THY PRIEST

WHEN at early morn I stand  
Humble at the Altar Feast,  
Breaking bread at thy command,  
Then I know I am thy Priest.

When thou showest I have turned  
Some blind spirit towards the east  
Who for sunlight long has yearned,  
Then I know I am thy Priest.

When thou let'st me soothe a pain  
Others, probing, have increased,  
Then 'tis clear that not in vain  
I have been ordained thy Priest.

Make me anxious, Lord, to be  
Helpful to the very least  
Child of weak humanity,  
This will prove I am thy Priest.



## THY PRIEST

To some altar every day  
Where the flame of hope has ceased  
Point, O Christ, my feet the way,  
Gladly there will go thy Priest.

## PRAY FOR THE DEAD

PRAY for the dead, who bids thee not,  
Is human kinship, then, so frail  
That those we love can be forgot  
When they have passed within the veil?

Has God released the old, sweet ties  
He took such loving pains to weld,  
And said: "Henceforth their memories  
In prayerless silence must be held?"

Have they no triumphs yet to win,  
No toilsome heights of truth to climb,  
Does no strange syllable of sin  
Mar the soft cadence of their rhyme?

Pray for the dead, the links that bound  
Thy soul to theirs were forged on high,  
Borne upward they have surely found  
The chain firm fastened in the sky;

## PRAY FOR THE DEAD

And they have found that there as here  
Thou gavest them strength the roads to run  
That end in gateways opening clear  
On friendlier fields beyond the sun,

And they have watched thy winding ways  
And helped thee many a load to bear,  
And in thy dark, despondent days  
Have stretched for thee strong hands of prayer.

Pray for the dead nor cease thy prayer,  
Though holier they not yet are free  
To climb to those great uplands fair  
Where only perfect souls may be.

Pray for the dead, it is thy right  
To leap in faith the shadowy bars  
That shut thee still to orbs of night,  
And keep them safe in golden stars.

## SOMETIME

SOMETIME, sometime,  
The clouds of ignorance shall part asunder,  
And we shall see the fair, blue sky of truth  
Spangled with stars, and look with joy and wonder  
Up to the happy dream-lands of our youth,  
And thither climb.

Sometime, sometime,  
The passion of the heart we keep dissembling  
Shall free herself, and rise on silver wing,  
And all ungathered chords of music, trembling  
Deep in the soul, our lips shall learn to sing,  
A strain sublime.

Sometime, sometime,  
Love's broken links shall all be reunited,  
But not upon the ashy forge of pain;  
The full-blown roses dead, the sweet buds blighted  
Shall bloom beside life's garden walks again,  
In fairer clime.

## SOMETIME

Sometime, sometime,  
The prophet's unsealed lips shall straight deliver  
The message of eternal life uncursed;  
Wind-swept, the poet's heaven-tuned soul shall  
quiver,  
And from his trembling lyre at length shall burst  
Immortal rhyme.











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